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# CAMPUS RAKINGS

INQUISITION EDITION

ABER DAY, 1940

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1940

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If DEB LEAVITT would  
hold PINHEAD'S hand at  
the

## **Trail Barber Shop**

like she does when he goes  
to the dentist poor Pin's  
head might go better with  
his neck.

---

BILL BELLINGHAM

Doesn't have to worry  
about being broke.

High school cuties keep  
him in coke at

**HOLLYOAK'S**  
DRUG STORE

People

wouldn't talk so if

**DALE GALLES**

Would buy a pin at the

**B and H**

and hang it on

**SARAH JANE**

Two years is a long weight

---

SCARLET O'HARNISH

Gets her

GWTW Dresses

at

**PENNEY'S**

---



## CAMPUS RAKINGS

Published Aber Day, 1940

Circulation Weak

Blood Pressure High

Policy: to take up space.

Editorial Staff—Out on picnic.

Dedicated to all those living or dead  
to whom any relationship herein  
shown is wholly, if not purely,  
coincidental.

## FACULTY FOLLIES OF 1940

## Prologue:

Trouble was brewing for quite a spell.  
It looked like the college was going  
to hell.

People were raving all over the school  
And every professor looked somewhat  
a fool.

Borton and Gossman had made their  
report,  
The man up at Whitefish had made  
his retort.

Then Whicker got up and talked to  
the mob.  
Though interest was high Whic quit  
his job.

So remembering elections the governor  
said  
Let's go to Missoula and bring things  
to a head.

Well over they came with Jimmy  
Graham  
And all began committing mayhem.

The AAUP and the AF of L  
Told President Simmons to go to hell.  
But over in the corner in his copper  
shroud  
Sat the horrible figure of Walter  
McLeod.

Enough of prologue, let's start the play  
And see what the professors had to  
say.

Chorus (with wild eyes and stamping  
feet):

If

GERRY JAMES

Would buy her ladders

at the

**Barthel Hardware**

Mrs. Turner wouldn't

have to worry so.

That

NORWOOD

Jayne from Texas could

**Golden Glo**

Her face better by

drinking milk than

using masks.



Advice to  
"Doghouse Desperates"  
from

TEX BOYD

After nine appealing tele-  
phone calls, send a dozen  
roses from

## The Garden City Floral

It worked on  
GAIL ROUNCE

The KAPPAS need  
another car, we hear.

Why doesn't

MAXINE STEPHENS

trade in her wrecked Ford

at the

**H. O. BELL  
COMPANY**

"The president's incompetent to  
run this institution,  
The people know if he don't go  
there'll be a revolution."

Lennes (making the most noise and  
rising from the chorus):

"It takes a lot of time to be a  
faculty two-timer,  
My salary's inadequate to be a so-  
cial climber."

Aitken (beating his way through ad-  
visors):

"I represent these gentlemen,  
though I do not know their case,  
Excuse me, while I slip another  
pill into my face."

Mollett (smiling):

"We must be clever, cautious, sly  
If we're to get this Simmons guy."

Jesse (putting on slight Harvard ac-  
cent):

"A rosy future is in sight for me,  
If we can send Simmons back to  
sea."

Leaphart (looking fondly on Attorney  
Garlington):

"Academic freedom, as I said to  
Mr. Coad,  
Is equal in importance to the  
heavy teaching load."

Mirrilees (demurely eyeing the board)

"I do not think, tee-hee, tee-hee,  
the tinkle of my laughter  
Will long conceal just what it is  
that I am really after."

Atkinson (earnestly):

"I'm sure Dr. Simmons could get  
along with me,  
If I could persuade him to say  
what's wrong with me."

Fay Clark (braying loudly and appre-  
ciating himself):

"The Student Undercovermen oft-  
en meet with me,  
We keep the sheep in line surrep-  
titiously."

Severy (appearing to have head-ache  
in more ways than one):

"I do not consider it an honor, by  
and large,  
To be in a position for which I  
do not charge."



**Whicker** (by mental telepathy and sheer force of brawn):

"I've got power, I've got power,  
To hell with Murphy's ivory tower."

**Housman** (bowing his head):

"The only endeavor that has been  
mine,  
Is to keep the students ultimately  
fine."

**Line** (falling heavily on feet):

"The business school is mired in a  
dozen different ruts,  
If another drug store closes up  
I'm really going nuts."

**Spaulding** (glaring at the Press):

"I can control my eye's weak  
twitch,  
But not my ill-famed traveling  
itch."

**W. P. Clark** (falling off chair to attract attention)

"Ancient Greeks, like me, were  
men,  
I wish more roamed the world  
again."

**Simmons** (brushing Aitken to one side with little difficulty):

"Then yo-ho and ahoy I'm off to  
sea  
For only the Blossom will bow to  
me."

**Turney-High** (speaking for his department):

"We shall not plunge into the mire  
Of faculty greed, intrigue and ire."

**Deiss** (examining a rock of unknown classification):

"A wonderful study is geology,  
Much better than campus anthropology."

**Hoag, Scott, Maury, Coombs, Pease, Notti** (shoulders bent with care):

"The brains of all the pedagogues  
would balance the equation  
But it takes our sophomoric intellect  
to really save the nation."

**Chorus** (screaming so loudly that the board is left absolutely helpless):

"Are we men or are we mice  
And will you pass the cheese?  
We don't like this Simmons guy  
We think his dog has fleas."

(Curtains, for everyone.)

If Lawyers

OLSON, MUELLER and  
DAVIS would type their  
briefs on typewriters from  
the

## TYPEWRITER SUPPLY

they might do better in  
practice court.

PAT CAMPBELL

might be able to bowl

WILL BAUCUS

over at the

## IDLE HOUR Bowling Alley

(Somebody should)



If BROWN and BARTSCH  
would visit

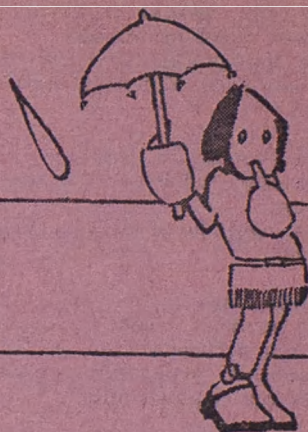
## STAN SMART'S Texaco Station

on a paying basis,  
Ginsberg might really zoom.  
(gum?)

If DEAN LINE keeps his  
Fellfoot station wagon in  
shape at

## MURRAY MOTORS

It'll hum right up Mac-  
Gregor hill, loaded down  
with "dudes" or not.



"Innocence" Ferguson. Doesn't know  
enough to come in out of the rain.

### Situation:

Pan-Hel members wrote a slate  
Of candidates for election,  
But three sororities up and said,  
"To hell with the selection!"

### Pan-Hel council:

Oh, woe is me! I'm split in two!  
And both my parts are bickering.  
I wish I could be one again  
To stop the campus snickering.

### Kappa Kappa Gamma:

We won't endure alliances  
Which crowd us off the ticket;  
Unless the school is Kappa run,  
Conditions just aren't cricket.

### Kappa Alpha Theta:

We won't side with the Kappas,  
The sisters of Sigma Chi;  
And if the Phi Delt's don't back us,  
We'll kiss their pins goodbye.

### Delta Gamma:

We won't abide by council laws,  
We'll rally round our Joannie,  
We know Pan-Hel's authority  
Is nothing but a phoney.



When senior girls complain about the swell fellas who take them out consistently until these swell fellas start dating underclass women—then senior girls should not complain. Good advice for Gwen Benson, we think.

We suppose Balfour will do a rushing business again this spring with the Sigma Chi handicap in the offing. Somehow the brothers can't seem to hang onto their hardware through a night like that.

Ralph Yeadon McGinnis has been this year's campus cutie. Dunno what he's got, but it must be plenty when he's so much in demand. Miss Potter and the Oxfordized Miss Boddy were both in the running, but a just-ex-student beat 'em to the draw. Of course, they had to wait till she graduated because Mary Elrod said a student wouldn't qualify as a party chaperon. Everything's hunky-dorey now that HB's got him; the faculty ladies will have to start out on another track.

Speaking of other tracks—the afore-said Miss Boddy has been reported to be finding consolation with Wisconsin's Herr Schlueter; Nazi-Nazi, Miss Boddy!



"Good-for-anything" Hanson.

If some of the  
FORESTERS

would buy a safety razor  
at the

**MISSOULA  
DRUG**

They'd be more kissable

The co-ed's blessing

goes to

**JAKE'S BAR**

which takes

**BEN STEPHENS**

out of the running



For smiling service consult

LOIS McCOLLUM

and her three  
revolving dates at

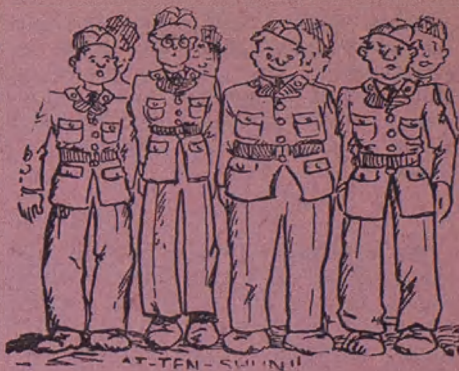
## ..The.. STUDENT STORE

GAY KELLY

might be able to win him  
from that Billings gal if  
she'd DON "Red" dresses  
from

# The LEADER

(They're washables, too,  
from \$3.95 to \$14.95)



ROTC star-gazing into unattainable  
blue.

Reading from left to right, back row: Retiring Hib Hansen, Sleepy Trezell, Ears Hotti, Ye Ed Walt Miller. Front row, Bouncing Beppo Krell, Physical Plant Pantzer, Ghost Writer Casey, Schnozzle Lueck.

Consolation: Anyway, Mary Cowell has a different car every year even if it is the sam(e) parker.

Model Mrs. John Lester gives all the boys excited nervous palpitations at the campus dances, until, like the Ipana ads, she dances. The conversation takes a reminiscent note and Mrs. John sighs for the metropolis. Doesn't like the sticks and misses the night clubs and the social life and so forth. Makes the fellas feel sort of unnecessary, which we think is rather wonderful, having been trying to achieve that result for years.

Nancy Huntington, of the multiple and torrid love affairs (the latest and longest and most thrilling one is with (Oscar) Marshall Moy) was proclaiming at dinner one night that she could write a poignant and terribly sad best seller, thus leave her footprints in the sands of time.

Knowing her, a bored tablemate remarked, "Yeah, you'll probably get stuck in the mud."



**Surface Politics:**

The political situation could have been interesting this year, but, of course, it wasn't. We seem to have a campus of potentiality and nothing more.

The Pan-Hellenic fuss quieted when it became apparent that the story would be printed. The Thetas and Delta Gammas preferred undercover work with the oily approval of the student body president. The Kappas, on the other hand, had planned to carry through the usual fence-riding policy, smile, and doublecross both sides. All of which were fairly good plans but courage and bravado wilted with the light of day and print.

On the fraternity side there was a new and different slant. The fellows have always regarded **Rae Greene** as one of the boys. They say he liked them all too well to pledge allegiance to any one. Manifestly, he was the man for the office—the general run of independents being too indifferent and the Save-the-Nation Group too adolescently emotional to grasp the situation. What the Greeks needed was a stooge and they had a wide field to choose from.

They were conceding the election so they needed a particularly dull stooge. And there was **Walt Martin**, trembling with joy at the thought of the publicity. "It doesn't matter if I win or not," he gasped, "If I offer myself in a case like this I'm sure to make Silent Sentinel."

And he probably will. The opposing presidential candidate didn't make it last year, but then he wasn't on the right side of the fence.

**Jerry Sporleder** is the mercenary sort with definite motives all leading to the advancement of **Jerry Sporleder**. When he looks a gal over he admittedly takes a lot into consideration. You used to see him with one **Betty Kelly** and when she wasn't near he hissed to his intimates, "Oh, she looks like hell but, geez, did you see that car!"

Says he taught **Lillian Taylor** a lot, too.

We hear he's pretty much alone lately, so maybe **Lillian** did wise up. There should be some lesson lurking beneath the surface for **Jerry**, we think.

The Phi Sigs should take  
a tip from the Sigma Nus  
and replace their

"antique" furniture  
with something new from

# LUCY'S

**JACK HOON**

might be the talk of the  
town if he'd loosen up  
and take a date to the

# TOWN TALK

for lunch.

(Across from the Roxy)



We suggest the  
**BLACK WIDOWS**  
 from the Tri Delta Delta  
 Delta house stock up on  
 stationery from the

## OFFICE SUPPLY

to keep their romances  
 in bloom—they're poison  
 to the local swain.

Twinkle like  
 Northern lights  
 with come-hither  
 KESTER eyes.

Spend those long  
 evenings at the

# Northern Bar



Izzy Brenner socks Butch Hudacek  
 into Morse trap.

Haven't seen the Marcus Daly's at  
 many university functions. Maybe  
 they can't afford 'em.

New hall's kindergarten group is as  
 young as it sounds—and it sounds off  
 unceasingly. ("Baby Ann" Sullivan  
 made herself heard to the tune of a  
 nine-minute reverse long-distance call  
 to Stanford, California.) Their fa-  
 vorite diversion after a hard night of  
 "study" comes just before "lights out"  
 when they try out an old Alaskan  
 jumping custom. Maybe that's the  
 answer to their uniqueness. They've  
 probably jumped so high that the ceil-  
 ing has walloped them over the head.

What with the Sporleders and the  
 Howertons a fella just hasn't got a  
 chance, says Mouse Millar.



**FIVE-PIN GIRL**

It's time this **five-pin** girl deal was aired out. The reason the mess wasn't announced after Christmas, as planned, was because Kujich is really a pretty square guy. It seems he roomed in the **Taylor** home and from this strategic position could observe **Dorothy** cop chookies and pins from all the houses except ATO and Sigma Nu, and stuff. Well, Dorothy planned an elopement over the holidays so Johnny thought the road was clear for the tell-all. But the other half of the elopement wouldn't elope. When the gal returned to school, Kujich shut up like a clam, and never did reveal the secret.

The men involved have requested that their names be withheld from this release because of possible unpleasant connotations.



**KEENEY and WHICKER** march on.

If

**JOHN LINDBERG**

would buy

trousers and socks

and stuff at the

**MISSOULA  
MERCANTILE  
COMPANY**

he wouldn't need  
shin guards  
at Druid initiations.



If "Monica's Stooge"

GLOUDEMAM

would buy sport dresses  
and slacks from

## CUMMINS

STORE FOR WOMEN

she'd always look well  
pressed even if TONY  
didn't sit on her lap.

If you want to be  
another fullback on the  
Kappa Kappa Gamma  
team

Do your training  
with Jocko at the

# PARK



ACHILLES CLARK sometime earlier.

Delta Gammas get more and more juvenile as the years go by. Preston, Scearce, Murphy and Prendergast have finally climbed to the most adolescent giggling-school-girl stages, addressing one another as Mrs. DeGroot, Mrs. Kero, Mrs. Stimson, and Mrs. Pantzer. They play tricks on each other—clever ones like exchanging baby carriages for groceries over radio programs, and entering in school contests. They write for samples of life-informing literature, take the hinges out of the closet doors, put salt in the beds—and, oh, they're just so cute. No one outside the sanctity of the quarantine house would ever have known if it weren't for the little darlings being carried away by themselves. Only just the other day one of them wrote a poem to Johnny Kero all about love and romance, signed it Grace Scearce (probably either Prendergast or Murphy as they are the opposing feuders) and sent it to Kujich with the request that it be printed in the rag. Well, naturally, he nosed about in the Sigma Nu house, and about, and everyone found out.

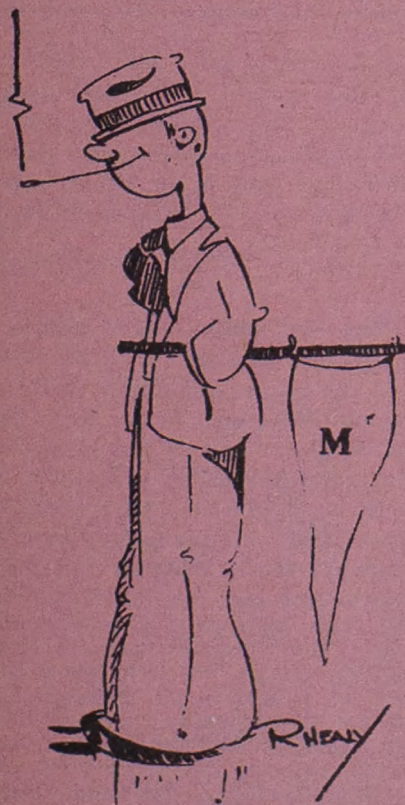
Mrs. O'Shannessy had practically nothing to do with this.



Every evening Dorothy Smith keeps patient vigil until Rae Greene passes under her window on his way home from the gym. When she sees him, her heart flutters madly; her gaze becomes transfixed upon him and she sighs blissfully, "Hasn't he got pretty legs?"

Men have a way of living Some Place Else and women have a way of pining for them. Down on University in a brick colonial where the weeping widows grow—**Oh-Johnny Hopkins, Beauty-Bill Fellows, Widda Wera—Pudgy Wilson, and Elbert C. Heidel** joined consolations, installed a ritual and initiated other desolateds into the **Black Widow** club. The **Black Widows** wear safety pins and black linen scraps on their—well, next to their hearts.

Whatever Widow deserts the faithful for the social whirl pays in Sunshine. (See Widda Wera.)



**PAPPY HICKMAN** looks back on his youth.

## BILL BEQUETTE

dummy up!

Be a sport and slay' em  
in snappy coats and slacks

from

*Yandt's*  
MEN'S WEAR

## PERRY STENSON

with his

Kalispell capacity

threw away his

crutches for a

# D'ORAZI

beer.



George ("I Must Drown My Sorrows") Reade returned to the consoling arms of Bette Gibb, who had pined for him all along, after he had suffered reverses in two freshman love affairs. First, Rita Schiltz, Billings belle, put thumbs down on him when she took a Sigma Chi to the Theta formal. So George drowned his sorrows. Then Mary Ryan spurned his affections after they had practically compromised each other on the Christmas trainride to Butte, and she had dragged him home to Billings for mama's approval during spring vacation. (Probably mother frowned, so George drowned his sorrows again.) Now Bette, whose theme song was "Gibb Back My Georgie to Me," has Reade—and our condolences.

Doug Dilly Dahle holds the campus flag-waving title this year, for nothing means so much to him as Phi Delta Theta, ta-ta-ta-de-dum. One should not hold this against him because someone has to hold Phi Delta Theta dear. Though why, the lord only knows.

## BIFF HALL

searched all over town  
before he found a copy  
of "Forgive Us Our Vir-  
tues" on the

## PETERSON DRUG

book shelf



**OSCAR HAUGE:** Did the bicycle stand, too, or did you both lie down  
—with the cockroaches?

Jeanne Bailey got a snazzy birthday gift from favored "A-C" Cullen—half a tooth. 'Case you're interested—Al knocked the whole tooth out against a drinking fountain at WAA's spring Barn Dance. Some drinks are expensive, aren't they.

When the census taker comes to Lois Murphy's house, which one of the seven potential candidates will she designate head man in her life? Running in No. 1 slot is the mysterious Charles of Anaconda with whom she carried on a now-I-have-your-ring-now-I-don't affair. As far as we know, she still palpitates for Charlie. Don Smith ranks as also-ran; she whiled away her time with him while Charlie stayed away. The Murphy choice for third place goes to Ira Beeler in whose company on a terrace at midnight, she saw an eclipse which may not have been entirely astronomical. Other strong prospects are Eddie the Shyster; Carl Nyedegger, Portland, Oregon football man; Jimmy Van Haur and Harold Bartley. We'll quote odds on them to all takers.



**We Wonder:**

Does **Virginia Bell** get paid time and a half for all the night "work" she's been doing at the Student Union office? Or aren't the Frosh as green as they used to be?

Are Vermont and Ohio too far apart to keep up the **Maury-Hoag** (he's Bread Loaf's latest crumb) "international relations"?

How long Shifty-eyed triple turban threat **Hofstatter** can keep three suckers dangling on one line?

Who **Leo Dorich** is really carrying the torch for—**Mary Marshall** or the home-town gal?

Where anybody ever got the idea that the Aber day manager picks the date, when **Monica B.** really does the honors?

What dark room **Mugs** and **Butch** have found to develop in since **Mrs. Turner** kicked them out of the New Hall card room?

What Politician No. 1 "**Yes-Kirk**" **Williams** will do with Central board next year when **Second-the-Motion Hopkins** isn't there to back him up?

How long High - Mucky - Masquer **Bartley** can keep from exploding what with the bromo seltzers and carbonated waters he consumes every morning?



Luscious tee-hee's.

The reason why the  
"Last Unkissed Girl"  
on the campus  
copped

**ART MERRICK'S**

pin is

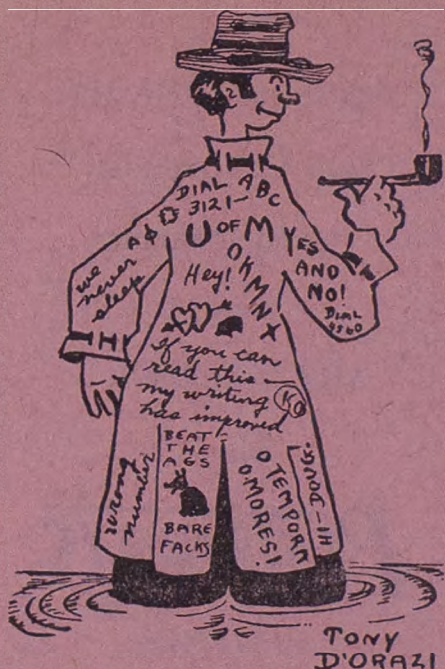
**Bulltreys**  
CLOTHES

**BILL O'BILLOVICH:**

Stop harrying professors  
and classmates

**Harry The Tailor**





Patriotic GENE ELLIOTT carries the torch for the dear old team.

ART MEYER couldn't

bruise

KEATS SIRE'S heels in the

chase

If she bought her

shoes at the

**SAVON**

Census takers are forever discovering the darndest things. What do you suppose? The Thetas don't have enough plumbing fixtures in their little girl's room—or maybe they have too many little girls.

Along that same line. Remember the ad Chabre had in the paper about lost articles to be found in his drawers. That referred to the seat of the whatcha-ma-call-its in the Sig Ep little boy's room.

The wintry night of Coed, Queen Homecoming Sporleder, going Strom as usual, would not be dragged away from the Northern even if it was after 1 o'clock. It was all fixed with one of the sisters to smuggle her in. But matters became complicated. The sisters paged their queen who wasn't available at the proper moment. So for two week-ends Queenie was not home-coming—she was "at home."

Bad company works an influence even on the purest of us. Norm Hanson is beginning to take on a tinge of legal conceit. His wife, Norm feels (provided, of course, he had a wife), would consider him a good man for public office. In fact, he goes on to say, she'd think he was "a good man for anything." Connotations, hasn't it?

Of all the pleasing legal personalities Dick Wilkinson undoubtedly has the most pleasant. He's the quiet unassuming sort who never asserts himself. You know a while back one of the Kaimin columnists took a few digs at Dickie who immediately beat his way up to Burly's office to get the jo fired—said it was poor publicity for high school readers and affected Phi Sig pledging. The reason this creature is so worried about pledging is that, as president of the house, he has a well-oiled graft system worked up. Each pledge is obligated to pay \$1 insurance on his dues each month on the idea that in case of sudden death while in the institution, loved ones collect \$1,000. This is quite an unforeseen improbability or something so this creature called Wilkinson, whatever it may be, collects individually. Which, admittedly, shows more brain than is ever apparent.